

There are many shining qualities in
 and of man but none so useful as
 wisdom.

CAREFUL CONDUCT.—The line of conduct chosen during the five years between fifteen to twenty, will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or intemperate, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances.

In alluding to the phenomenon of life, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, once said that a man had a certain amount of vital force, and when that was exhausted passed away. He referred to the case of Mr. Byron, who, by excesses and bad temper, was worn out at 36 years of age, so that he really became an old man while yet young. By parity of reasoning, many persons whose chances of long existence on the earth are apparently unpromising contrive to eke out a considerable term, by understanding their weak points and husbanding all of their resources. Of course there are numerous exceptions, but, the *Angusta Constitutional* believes, as a general thing, that nothing contributes more to length of days than an equable and amiable temper. The newspapers are illustrating this very forcibly by sketching the career of Canon Beadore, who lately died in England at the age of 102 years. We are told that he "ate any thing with impunity, not only eating heartily at every meal, but often nibbling biscuits, etc., between meals. He drank moderately of wine, and was to the last very fond of sweet things. He never knew what headache or rheumatism was, and when a middle-aged man could and would go out shooting from morning to night, exposed with no ill-effect to cold and wet. At ninety-seven he had the first severe illness of his life—an attack of bronchitis. Up to this time he performed service in his church every Sunday, with regular three month's duty in Wells Cathedral, his voice continuing distinct and powerful. To the day of his death he never lapsed into anything like 'second childhood.' Possibly the explanation of his very long and healthy life lies in this; He had a most imperturbable temper and singularly even spirits, and would not allow anything to worry him. He had many an entertaining reminiscence; not the least of them was the long held up to the window by his nose to see the soldiers in the street during the Lord George Gordon riots. He was in 1780; the future Canon was then three years old. All things being equal, the good-tempered man or woman only has a better chance of long life, his life itself will be the healthier and happier. It is true that Madame Bonaparte, who lived to be ninety-six, was singularly acid and bitter in her speech, and otherwise admirably poised, never indulging in bursts of violence and other vicious exhibitions that impair digestion and threaten the very citadel of mortal life. It is impossible for some people to be an amiable self-possessed and calm, under all circumstances. The curse of life by inheritance or acquirement is unfortunately upon the majority of man's womankind. But all should endeavor to curb bad passions as far as possible, for it may be said with absolute truth that not only is anger or disquietment and an assassin of life, but likewise the little happiness accorded to the favored of creatures in this world.

Every man ought to try to draw lessons from what he sees and hears. Like the bee gathering honey from the flowers, we should gather wisdom from all which the mind could light on. And God has made the world so this is possible. One who observes thoughtfully will find emblems all around him. Just as a mirror gives your image, so all material things—the cloud, the tree, the leaf, the floating atom and the revolving world, give back a spiritual meaning, and speak to us in parables. The sun—it is an emblem of the great Son of Righteousness. The rock—it is the emblem of God's eternity. The withered leaf—it is an emblem of human hope when sin has blighted it. The dying year—it speaks as a premonitor of departing life. The ripe harvest—it is a waving parable to each man that what a man sows that he also reaps, and that rich beyond thought is the final reward of him who sows seed for the harvest of heaven.—Exchange.

Two millions of dollars is a big sum but the present Democratic Administration has saved that to the people, over and above that of the "reform" administration of Booth, even after re-building the State's prison, destroyed by fire, and the Constitutional Convention.

Hints About Rural Homes.

Happiness is the grand aim of life, and to secure its fullest blessings we must cultivate the mind and all the graces of the spirit. We always associate leisure, innocence and peace with rural life, combined with the kindred joys which competence and contentment bring. Almost our first thought of a country home is one of pure air, green earth, gentle breezes laden with the breath of many flowers and whispering pleasure, and where every shade promises cool and sweet repose. The thought of a rural home is full of promises of the fond ideal and of cherished meditation. Every person of sentiment reverts to the country with pleasant anticipations; it is a feeling inbred in our very natures. Fields, meadows and groves, singing-birds and fragrant flowers, running brooks and grazing herds, are ever the delight of mankind.

Money-making is not one of the incentives of a country residence upon which a practical or a sensible man builds ardent hopes. Nor does a man of sound judgment seek a country home upon which to foolishly squander the fortune his industry and his economy have enabled him to accumulate through years of toil and sacrifice and self-denial. But it is the place where he can realize the cherished tastes of cultivated thought, refinement and study—the place where his fond ideal, long anticipated, become the real enjoyment of rational realities—the quiet abode of retirement and of domestic ease—the place of rest—the place where the altar is sacred to the affections, and where love radiantly reigns supreme, and peace spreads even the frugal board and joy is reflected from face to face, making home happy—where freedom and independence proclaim the man king, the woman queen, and their darling princes and princesses, in this rural kingdom. Here the greatest fortune is the wealth of domestic affections, and the sweetest sounds the cadences of loving hearts. It is the bower of retirement and the home of the family.

Our rural homes should be as beautiful as our purses and tastes will enable us to make them. If our means have provided ample space for a comfortable house, it should be surrounded by lawn and ornamental grounds, planted with fruit and shade trees, shrubs, flowers, a well-appointed garden filled with the choicest vegetables for the use of the family; and if our resources and taste permit us to keep a horse, we ought by all means to keep a cow, as the care of keeping both will add but little to the man's labor who cares for the grounds and garden. If the family is large, and horses are kept, a good cow will be a comfort and a pleasant feature of the place at but little expense.

It will be better to have an experienced gardener lay out and occasionally superintend the garden and grounds, unless we can afford to keep a good gardener during the summer. Knowledge of gardening and lawn decoration is an accomplishment suitably becoming the lady and gentleman of any well-conducted rural home. For, unless the proprietors understand their business, both within and without doors, the employees soon become masters and mistresses of the situation, and the management of the place will be perverted to the interests of others. How much of the happiness of rural life depends upon the care bestowed upon the house, the grounds, the garden, the fruit, the flowers, the horse, the cow, and the birds by ourselves, can only be estimated by him who has bestowed that care, and who reaps the pleasures flowing therefrom.—*Moore's Rural Life.*

An Absent-Minded Parson.

A fashionable church out on West Walnut street has a rector who has been placed in embarrassing positions simply because of his absent-mindedness. It was only a week ago when he was to have married a couple at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The bride and bridegroom appeared, followed by a retinue of ushers. Everything was in readiness except the gentleman who was to perform the ceremony. A messenger was dispatched, but the rector had gone out of town. After a wait of over an hour a Presbyterian clergyman in the audience volunteered, entered the chancel and married the couple.

On another occasion the rector was engaged to perform at St. George's Hotel the marriage of the daughter of a well-known naval officer. At the appointed hour he failed to appear. Calling at his house the ushers found him in the dining-room munching toast and sipping tea. He was hustled into a carriage and driven rapidly to the hotel, where the parties were in waiting.

"Oh, dear, I've forgotten something," exclaimed the pastor, when he reached the hotel door.

"What is it?" asked the gentleman in whose charge he was.

"Why, my surprise, wonder, if they'll allow me to marry them without it?" he inquired in an agitated manner.

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied the gentleman. And that wedding went off an hour late.

On another occasion a well-known gentleman uptown decided on giving a party in his honor, and wrote early in the week desiring to know whether the appointed date would be acceptable, asking at the same time for an early answer. Time sped on, and no reply. On the morning of the day the social gathering was to take place the acceptance came. The guests assembled, but the rector was notably conspicuous by his absence. The matter had slipped his mind. As a climax to this string of forgetfulness, on last Sunday, it is said, the rector gave out the Psalter for the seventh day, and for the afternoon service gave out the Psalter for the sixth day, morning.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Jacksonville, Florida, evidently does not wish its census increased. At least it doesn't intend to have its population doubled up. The sale of watermelons is prohibited in that town since August 1st. It is hard on the colored folks, but a strict prohibitory law was found to be the only safe course, as doctors are scarce this year.

Reminiscences of General Barry.

The death of General William F. Barry, who was buried at Buffalo, Thursday, recalls some stories of the old army which he used to tell, and moves from the roster of that army as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, and as good a man as it contained.

One evening, in the early summer of 1865, a Utica man sat with General Barry in the military academy at West Point, and listened to some of his recollections of army life in earlier times. Presently a steamboat containing a load of returning volunteers passed up the river. It was long after sundown, but the battery fired a salute. Now army regulations are explicit in declaring that no salute shall be fired after sundown, under any circumstances whatsoever. But a few days before, some volunteers, failing to get a salute, forgot the regulation and complained to the newspaper correspondents.

Straightway several leading journals in New York attacked the academy, declaring among other things that it was a nest of treason, and that it went out of its way to insult our gallant volunteers. After that the commandant, with shrewd, practical wisdom, ordered the guns to be fired when a returning regiment was sighted, even at midnight. He could stand an infraction of the rules better than he could a broadside from the press. But this led General Barry to tell how the first salute after sundown was fired at Fortress Monroe. It was in 1841, three years after his graduation at the military academy, and when he was a humble subaltern of artillery.

John Tyler was then president of the United States, and had been down the bay on a fishing excursion. As the fish did not bite very well he had got "over the bay" some little distance in his futile efforts to catch them. On his way back in the evening he stopped at Fortress Monroe. He was not pleased with his reception. The old commandant who had entered the army before the last war with Great Britain, came down to meet him with a profound show of deep respect, but Mr. Tyler asked: "Why in thunder don't you fire a salute to the president of the United States?" "Excuse me, sir," answered the soldier, "but it is past sundown."

"Sundown be hanged," rejoined Tyler, "I am commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and I order you to fire a salute to the president of the United States." Respectfully bowing, but hat, the old commandant withdrew without another word, and coming back to where Barry stood, he directed him to get out the battery and superintend the salute. Then he said in pitiable, quivering tones, "I have been in the army for years, my boy, and I never disobeyed the regulations before, and I am forced to do it now, and the man who commands it is the president of the United States!" and with that the veteran, who would gladly have faced death without flinching, burst into tears.

In common with all the other officers who served under the late Albert Sidney Johnston in Utah, General Barry held that distinguished southerner in very high respect. It was his belief that if Johnston had lived, the war for the union would have been prolonged, and the confederates would have gained more successes. Probably the belief is erroneous, but it was very generally entertained. General Johnston was a strict disciplinarian, but he was also a conscientious man. One day, in Utah, when the command was two days distant from the nearest mailing station, a captain who had been thrice returned, and confessed, shamefacedly, that he had forgotten to post a letter which the general had given him to mail. General Johnston simply remarked, "I can imagine no excuse for such carelessness, captain," and dropped the subject there. A few days later he sent for his winter overcoat, which had been packed away during the summer. He found in the pocket of it a letter which some time during the previous autumn he had received from his surgeon, with the request that he mail it. He had taken it to the station, forgotten to mail it, and had thought no more about it for six months. After apologizing to the surgeon the general sent for the delinquent captain, saying: "I beg your pardon for reproving you for an offense in which I myself set the example."

The captain was William F. Barry. During the Mexican war, Barry was associated with John B. Magruder, then a lieutenant, and afterward a general in the confederate service. Magruder was distinguished for the ease with which he spent his money and the difficulty he had in getting it. He approached the sutler one day in June, 1846, asking with his inimitable lisp: "Would you be so kind as to cash my pay accounts for September?" The sutler explained that he didn't have the money, but thought he could raise it for him, as it was only three months ahead.

"Oh," said Magruder, carelessly, "it's my pay accounts for September, 1847, that I want to get cashed!"

DARK DAYS.—Few people are so fortunate that they are always happy and contented with the world—most of us know many dark days. The world wears the same bright face it had on yesterday. The bees swing homeward heavily laden. The soft wind sighs through the leaves, and the shadows chase each other over the grass. All is full of grace and beauty. Summer reigns, and the earth is robed in bridal garments. But what is it all to her who feels so weary and discouraged that she cannot lift her heart up from the darkness of despondency? She finds herself wishing that a gray sky and gusts of rain were here, to sympathize with her mood, which is mocked by so much bloom and brightness. All she cares for is to get through the listless days, and feel that night has brought her release from care and the need of being agreeable. It is a day dropped out. And yet, dear friend, conscious of having ever nursed and petted the dismal and dumpy and unworthy temper of mind, of which such gloomy fancies are born, do not entertain it any longer with complacency. There is nothing heroic in self-pity. Rather come out of yourself. Think of the happy days past, and of those which are to come, and trample out an evil mood while you have power to do so.

The Good Boy at the Picnic.

The good boy comes home from the picnic clean discouraged and badly mashed. Indeed, he is often brought home dead. The bad boy has a whooping old time from the very outset, and returns home chuck full of figs and candy and enthusiasm to go again.

When the good boy's dad has made up his mind to take the family to a picnic on some shady island or distant shore, the boy doesn't jump up and declare he won't wear white pants, or that he is bound to go barefooted, or that he must have half a dollar in cash and a revolver. On the contrary, the good-boy's chin is at rest; he is in his mother's hands, and he trusts her with all arrangements regarding his sacred person and property. Before leaving home the good boy is thus solemnly addressed by his devoted mother, and the "address" is accepted, adopted and filed by his respected father, who was a boy once himself.

"Now, then, young man, we are going to a Sunday-school picnic, and I want to say a few words to you. If you lose your hat on the cars I'll box your ears till they ring! If you don't stay tight with me and your father I'll lick you before all the folks! If you sit on the grass and stain those pants you know what you'll get! If you dare go in a boat, go into the water, shoot a pistol, climb a tree, wrestle a boy or tease your father for money to buy candy or lemonade I'll take your hide off and hang it on the fence the very minute we get home!"

That's the music the good boy has to face when he starts for a picnic, and if he doesn't start out with smiling face and a bright step he may get his ears cuffed before he is half way to the picnic. He is bound to stand up in the cars if any one has to stand up in the cars it is the good boy. If there are any cinders flying they settle on the good boy's white pants and hat and lodge in his eyes. If any one falls flat on the platform or into the mud at the getting-off place it is the good boy, while the bad boy, who has come all the way on the roof of the car, having dead-loads of fun, meets with not the slightest accident as he ascends to the picnic. He is bound to stand up in the cars if any one has to stand up in the cars it is the good boy. If there are any cinders flying they settle on the good boy's white pants and hat and lodge in his eyes. If any one falls flat on the platform or into the mud at the getting-off place it is the good boy, while the bad boy, who has come all the way on the roof of the car, having dead-loads of fun, meets with not the slightest accident as he ascends to the picnic.

The good boy's father, on reaching the grove, buys himself a glass of lemonade to get the dust out of his throat and follows it with a dish of ice-cream to cool his system. The good boy himself is supposed to have any dust in his throat, or any system to cool off. If he is very thirsty he can drink water—provided his mother doesn't catch him at it. The bad boy skins up a tree, hangs by his heels, finds a bird's nest, eats slippery-elm and June-berry, and the good boy must sit on a cracker-box and watch the family umbrella. The good boy's mother braces up with a draught of current wine, and his father takes some ginger ale to prevent sun-stroke and then retires to a shady spot to smoke a cigar. If the good boy feels like squandering the old-fashioned penny he has had in his "bank" for seven long years, one look from his mother freezes him to that cracker-box so fast that a pony couldn't draw him off.

The bad boy has at least fifty cents to spend as he pleases. He rows a boat; he goes in swimming; he throws stones; he swings on a wild grape-vine; he climbs hills and rocks and slides down banks, and although some deacon with a face as solemn as the garret window in a deserted tannery predicts that he will be killed or drowned, he is the liveliest one of the lot when the party makes ready for the homeward trip.

Instances have been known where a good boy evaded his mother's eye and went off on a wild goose chase, and boy himself isn't supposed to have any dust in his throat, or any system to cool off. If he is very thirsty he can drink water—provided his mother doesn't catch him at it. The bad boy skins up a tree, hangs by his heels, finds a bird's nest, eats slippery-elm and June-berry, and the good boy must sit on a cracker-box and watch the family umbrella. The good boy's mother braces up with a draught of current wine, and his father takes some ginger ale to prevent sun-stroke and then retires to a shady spot to smoke a cigar. If the good boy feels like squandering the old-fashioned penny he has had in his "bank" for seven long years, one look from his mother freezes him to that cracker-box so fast that a pony couldn't draw him off.

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Harvesting in the West.

Any one of our farmers, with few exceptions, who stands in a Western wheat field of 2,000 acres for the first time witnessing the operation of harvesting cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the wonderful celerity with which four or five men with machinery and horses will reap, bind and stack this immense piece of grain. These four or five men actually do as much as a hundred of their kind could do with the old-fashioned "cradle" and the straw hand by hand, which is largely used by our farmers yet—still they have reason in part for it, because the average field of wheat in Ohio is not over 20 or 30 acres, few have pieces of 100 acres, and many, a great many, do not sow more than ten or twelve, and it plainly would not pay to purchase machinery for so small an extent of work.

One of the strange fashions which mark the Western wheat harvest is the peculiar class of people upon whom the remote dwellers very often depend to aid them in gathering their grain. They rely first upon the emigrants who come into the country to settle subject to the homestead laws, and second, on the "wheat harvest tramps." These "tramps" are men who start in Texas and follow the harvest North. Some keep on the line of the rivers, while others drive in wagons across the country. They work in Texas until their harvest is sowed, then they strike for the Mississippi River and there take a boat North. When they reach a point where the wheat has not been cut, there they disembark and at once go to work. Finishing here they go again further North, so keeping on until Minnesota is reached, ceasing only when the broad fields of wheat on the Red River and Dakota are out.

Other men of this class get into wagons at the Rio Grande and work right through North overland. Hundreds and hundreds of their white-tented vehicles may be seen forging through Kansas to-day. They have cut the crop of Texas, they have sowed that of Southern Kansas, they are at work on those of Middle Kansas to-day, and the eyes of the Nebraska farmers are anxiously turned to the southern horizon every evening, eagerly looking for the white-topped wagons of the Bohemian harvesters, who are the very best of harvest hands, and soon, when they have finished their season's work among the purple hills of Dakota, they will disappear just as the wind listeth. What revelations our improved machinery of the harvest is yet destined to work up on the vast wheat fields of Southern Russia and Roumania, where the immense aggregate yield is nearly all gathered at a trifling expenditure and waste of physical toil—with rude respinding hooks and scythes, threshed out by the clumsy flail or trodden out by the hoofs of cattle. Yet with all these bungling customs in the way and in vogue, Russia exports nearly as much wheat as we do. When she comes to adopt our methods, then we shall have to stir ourselves if we wish to lead the list, which we do now, as the great feeder of the world.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Women of To-day.

American women eat more candy than all the other women in the world.

Four sisters will find a tramping excursion in the Adirondacks next month.

At St. Vincent's school, on the Hudson, which stands on the ground once owned by Edwin Forrest, 1,200 young ladies are now being educated.

The percentage of sickness and death among the female medical students in St. Petersburg is nearly five times as large as that among the male students.

In Easton, Pa., a large number of public school teachers receive only \$27 per month, while the janitors, whose duty it is to attend to fires, receive \$45 per month.

One hundred and seventy-eight women, mostly from South and East Boston, have asked to be assessed for a poll tax in Boston as a qualification for voting next December.

Mrs. Guinness recently gave a ball in London at a cost of \$4,000. Mantel-pieces of stephanotis, banks of gardenia, and blocks of ice into which flowers were frozen were among the decorations.

Two aged women fought in the Newport almshouse, and it transpired that sixty years before they had quarreled about a lover so bitterly that on meeting, their animosity was as strong as ever.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, has placed on exhibition in Syracuse, N. Y., a statue called "The Bride of Spring." It is remarkable mainly for the excellence of its posing and the exquisite finish with which it is veiled.

W. E. Forster complains that the English schools, especially for girls, are in a sad condition, and adds that America has in many respects an advantage over England in point of education, and particularly with regard to girls' schools.

A French woman, who made a fortune by keeping a shop under the empire, has had her yacht and her cottage painted black, has changed all her furniture for ebony, and proposes to mourn for the Prince Imperial the rest of her life.

The New England Women's Club has an educational department connected with it, and classes in botany, literature and ceramics. The botany class is the most enthusiastic. It meets regularly once a week, and its studies are taking gradually a much enlarged field.

A charitable untruth, an uncharitable truth and an unwise management of truth or love are all to be carefully avoided by him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.

A CARELESS DIET, A CHANGE OF WATER, or a cold settling in the bowels, very often brings on at this season of the year, an obstinate Diarrhea, or some other troublesome Affection of the Stomach or Bowels. If you would treat such complaints in a rational way, try at once Dr. Jayne's Cathartic Balm, a simple, but safe remedy for them, and equally effective in all cases of Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Dysentery and Summer Complaint.

THE BEST CLOTHING For Men & Boys

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LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Self-Measurement Rules Sent to Any Address.

BUY LAND.

There has been steady and tolerably rapid advancement made in the growth of many of the towns in Colusa, Butte, Tehama and Shasta counties. Especially is this so in the agricultural districts where the land produces at least fair crops in all seasons—wet or dry—as does the land on the Reading Ranch. Those looking for homes in California where diversified farming will pay every year; where wood and water are plenty and easy to be obtained, and other desirable advantages are to be had, should address the proprietor of the Reading Ranch. Some 14,000 out of 30,000 acres of the grant remain for sale at comparatively low rates, in quantities to suit purchasers, on easy terms. Prices range from \$4 to \$30 per acre. The tract is between two and three miles wide, with the Northern Division of the C. P. R. passing centrally through its entire length. Send postage stamp for an illustrated paper containing information about Shasta County and these lands, to the proprietor of Reading Ranch.

Anderson, Shasta County, Cal.

Boots and Shoes.
JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. Battery and Jackson Sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS, at from \$5 to \$9; California Leather Boots, \$5; Gaiters, \$1.50; Alexis Ties, \$5 to \$6; French Calf Oxford Shoes, \$5 to \$6; Boy's and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country or from distant States to the amount of Twelve Dollars or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent, so as to make the express charges light. We sell Boots and Shoes of J. M. W. S. MANTON, and only Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. Positively one price.

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ALL Styles and Colors for Private Houses, Banks and Offices Made to Order, of the Oil Painted Opaque Goods, or any Material desired. Agency for Fixtures. Orders from the interior promptly filled.

G. W. CLARK, Importer, Wholesale and Retail dealer in
Paper Hangings,
Window Shades, and all kinds of Shade Material. Has the largest stock in this line on the Pacific Coast. 645 Market St., two doors west of Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL.
The Concord Carriage Repository has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly on hand.

46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

HARNESS!

And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.
Double Harness, \$15 to \$45 per set; double buggy harness, \$20 to \$35 per set; single buggy harness, \$12.50 to \$25 per set; slide reins, \$5 to \$10 per set; whips, \$1.50 to \$3.50 per doz.; California harnesses all complete, \$7.50 each to \$50. Can furnish the names of ranchmen in every county in the State who have had their orders satisfactorily filled by freight or express. Send for price list to W. D. VALE, 421 Market St., San Francisco.

ANTISELL PIANOS

ARE THE BEST PIANOS EVER MADE. PRICE \$250 to \$1,000. \$250 for a splendid Rosewood Piano, guaranteed 10 years. (Usual price \$300 to \$400 cash with order and \$10 monthly payments. If not satisfactory money returned. Standard \$500, \$750 and \$1,000. Second hand Pianos \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 and \$200. Sticks, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per doz.; Collars, \$1.50 to \$3.00 per doz.; California hand forged Hubs and Spokes.

Can furnish the names of ranchmen in every county in the State who have had their orders satisfactorily filled by freight or express. Send for price list to W. D. VALE, 421 Market St., San Francisco.

DR. WHITE'S PRAIRIE FLOWER

THE GREAT LIVER PANACEA
Cures Every Form of LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY COMPLAINT, DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS, and all Diseases arising from DYSPEPSIA, SUCH AS SORE THROAT, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, ETC.
Is Purely Vegetable.
Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve the most violent cases. It is not a cathartic, but it invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

Samples Free at all Drug Stores. Large Size, Price 75 Cents. For convenience in carrying, the Prairie Flower put up in lozenges, Price 25 cts. per box.

CHANNING WHITE, Prop'r., TOLEDO, O.

Secured by U. S. Letters Patent No. 6,609 dated Washington, D. C. Oct. 1st, 1878

Dr. Spinney & Co.,

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from 10 to 25 years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. Call or address as above.

THE ÆTNA

WARM MINERAL SPRINGS,

SITUATED 16 MILES EAST OF ST. HELENA, IN POPE VALLEY, NEPA CO. CAL. These waters closely resemble the Ems of Germany in analysis and salutary effects. They have cured many cases of Heart, Kidney, Spinal and Liver Diseases; also Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Neural, General Debility, Bronchitis and Pulmonary Complaints in their early stages. See pamphlet descriptive of analysis and cures, at the office of J. A. Stetson, Esq., Chemist and Apothecary, No. 101 Post Street, San Francisco.

Board and Baths \$10 per Week.
WM. A. LIDELL, Proprietor.

THE ÆTNA Springs stage will leave the Palace Hotel, St. Helena, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a.m. Fare \$2.
WM. A. ELGIN, Proprietor.

NOT FAIL to send for our NEW PRICE LIST. More complete than ever. Contains descriptions of everything required for personal or family use, with over 1000 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make home visits to the sick.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1.25 and \$1.50 PER DAY.

H. C. PATRIDGE, Proprietor. The International Hotel, with the name of Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

TRADE MARK

THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detergent qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

A superb article for the toilet, beneficial to the skin, giving it a soft, velvety appearance, and leaving a soothing, pleasant sensation after use, imparting a healthy, natural and lasting beauty to the complexion. It eradicates the poisonous effects of cosmetics; preventing skin diseases by acting as a constant purifier and disinfectant; if used constantly will cure skin diseases of long standing; is superior to any other article for bathing infants; cleansing and healing for all eruptions on the scalp or face of children; good for the teeth; produces a soft, creamy lather, nicely adapted to shaving or shampooing, removes dandruff, and gives health to the scalp without injuring the hair.

TESTIMONIALS.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1887.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

"The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health of the skin. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it."

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D., 120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1887.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

"I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH, 615 Haight street."

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1887.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

"We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON, 1016 Kirkham street."

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO., 204 Sacramento St., S. F.

WOODLAND STANDARD.
WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., SEPT. 6, 1879

OVER.

The election is over and the Democracy are not on top. Glenn was too heavy a load for them to carry, and they fell down by the wayside. We do not believe they feel much worse now than they did before election, but we are of the opinion that they have more sense. California is a queer country. Four years ago it was the Republicans that made fools of themselves and split in two, while the Democrats walked off with the spoils. This year it is the reverse. The Republicans profited by the lesson; it remains to be seen whether the Democrats will do so or not. If anything will bring the parties back to their proper places, the Presidential election next year is surely that thing, and we expect to see a fight made that will test the real strength of the two great national organizations. If the Democracy of California will be up and doing they can carry the State, but it can never be done without hard work and organization. The time to commence this work is right now, and there should be no let up until the Presidential election is over. A Democratic President will be elected next year, and California ought to help do it.

State Rights.

The following paragraph is copied from one of General Ewing's recent speeches: "We hear now the doctrine preached, unknown and unheard of heretofore in America, that there is no such thing as State rights. The Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor characterized the cheers that went up at a Democratic meeting, composed very largely of soldiers, in Zanesville, where I was pleading for the reserved rights of the States, as the rebel yell. A man dare no longer, in the face of these double extra patriots, stand up for that form of Government for which the best blood of the North was shed. Gentlemen, I repudiate and spurn this new-fangled loyalty. As a Union soldier, proud of my service and unwilling to surrender one jot or tittle of the just results of the war, I denounce this effort to impair the reserved rights and liberties of the States and moral treason to the Republic. The war was fought on the solemn pledge of the Crittenden resolutions, which passed Congress with scarce a dissenting vote, immediately before the first battle of Bull Run. What did those resolutions say the purpose of the war was? They said that it was a war not for the purpose of conquest or subjugation, but solely to preserve the Union, with all the liberty, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired. On the faith of that pledge was poured out every drop of patriotic blood shed from Bull Run to Appomattox. The inspiration of that pledge raised all our armies; it was the soul of all. It glowed in every camp-fire and thundered from every gun. It was our cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night. It was, under God, the power of the war, and bore aloft our flag after every defeat, and won us all our victories."

An Appeal from Memphis.

MEMPHIS, September 4.—There were twenty-seven cases of yellow fever and twenty deaths reported to-day. The Howard Association has appealed for assistance as follows: The Howard association of Memphis, after having battled the past two months with the dread destroyer in their midst, find that every dollar in their treasury is exhausted, that several hundred sick and convalescent are to be provided for, and a large number of nurses are to be paid. We were hopeful in the beginning that with the funds on hand at the outbreak of the epidemic we would be able to provide and care for the sick that would be thrown on our hands, but the fever has continued to spread, and with two long months yet before us, leaves no alternative but an appeal to the nation for substantial aid. Generous people throughout the Union will not fail to respond to this call for help. We feel that we are performing a sacred duty to the impoverished and distressed people among whom our lot is cast. The bounty of a common people was showered on us in 1878, and to the same willing givers we appeal. If help is not speedily furnished we will be compelled to abandon the work in which we have been engaged, leaving hundreds to suffer and die for want of a Howard's helping hand.

The Oneida Community.

The Oneida Community of Oneida, New York, have been compelled by public sentiment against their free love system to abandon it. Their leader, Father Noyes, has submitted a proposition to the Community, which they adopted, agreeing to give up the practice of complex marriage, in deference to the public sentiment arising against it, not renouncing, however, the belief in its principles, and to encourage the celibacy of members; but to allow marriage according to St. Paul's teaching. Also to have all other things in common as heretofore. The Community will hereafter consist of two classes of members—celibates and married persons, living together as man and wife under the laws of marriage as generally understood.

The Springfield Republican says: The returns of wages and expenses compiled from the returns made by the members of twenty-seven Illinois Unions and submitted to the Wright Labor Committee showed the average amount of wages received in 1878 by members of the Unions to be \$374.78. The Cabinet-makers' Union compiled from their members the cost of supporting a family of five persons, and stated the average to be \$393.64. This gives a daily average cost 23 cents for each individual the actual wages earned in the trades allowing a less sum, on the supposition that each laborer supported a family of five. The Union returns, it should be said claimed to be returns of the actual cost of living to the members of the Union, and of the wages actually received, taking the year through.

There is but one right way, the Kansas City Times thinks, for the Government to put a stop to outrages in the Indian Territory. It is to declare that the ceded lands are open to bona fide settlers, and the people may go in and possess them. Until then murder and pillage will continue and the border towns of Kansas will be exposed to raid from the organized brigands who infest the wilderness. Let the Government keep hands off, and the question will speedily settle and regulate itself. In any case the people intend to occupy the ceded lands, and immigrants are pouring in from every quarter. They still is, "On to Oklahoma." Clean out the brigands and settle up the country.

It is formally given out that M. De Lesseps has abandoned his project of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. This is no surprise. He met with but little encouragement from capitalists in his enterprise. Of eight hundred thousand shares of its stock, less than thirty thousand were taken in all, in Europe and America. It is very strongly suspected, and so asserted by the North American Review, that the scheme was originated purely as a speculation, in which a "job was put up to enrich the originators at the expense of the subscribers generally. Perhaps it was the suspicion of this fact which defeated their aims.

Robert Ingersoll has set about the task of forming a national organization having for its object the absolute divorce of Church and State and of Church and school. The practical effort in view is the repeal of all State laws that disfranchise free thinkers, or that deprive them from testifying or holding office; that discriminate against them by reason of their religious belief or unbelief; that exempt church property from taxation or abridge the freedom of thought. All such laws should be repealed—they are unrepugnant, and foreign to the spirit of American institutions.

It is useless for the Republican party to kick, the Atlanta Constitution avers, or make any wry faces. It has got to clasp the Returning Boards to its bosom and carry them right through the campaign, and the Tribune might as well begin the distribution of its cipher pamphlets now, while the members of its party are using Ewing's forged frank. These matters can't be attended to too early.

If the Southern States were to follow the example of Republican Rhode Island and make the possession of a certain amount of realty a condition precedent to voting, nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand negroes would be disfranchised. What would the Stalwarts of the North say if the South should adopt this method of doing away with the negro vote?

A railroad is soon to be built from Austin, Nevada, to the line of the Central Pacific, a distance of ninety miles.

Tattooing Among English Ladies.

The custom is said to have lately grown up among young ladies of good social position in England of having various devices tattooed indelibly on one or other of their legs. This peculiar freak of the aristocracy of Great Britain has been made public through an advertisement announcing the mysterious disappearance of a well-connected young lady. But in this very advertisement is displayed a comical want of knowledge of the customs of this country. The friends of the missing girl evidently believe she has fled to America, and they tell us she can be identified by a cross tattoo on her right leg. This is doubtless an infallible sign, but who is to make investigation which shall reveal the fair runaway? If aboriginal styles of dress prevailed here, as our British cousins evidently think they do, all would be easy enough, but when the very clocking of a damsel's hose is largely a matter of conjecture to the most assiduous lookers-on how could even a Paul Pry among fashion-writers get at the cuticular ornamentation beneath the silk? The task is hopeless. The missing maiden might wander among us with both legs figured like a pair of Cleopatra Needles, and we would not be the wiser for it. We must have a more extended bill of particulars. A squint, a wart on the left forehead, even a strawberry mark on the nose, would serve to establish her identity, but so far as the pictured leg is concerned, she has "the receipt of fernseed" and walks invisible.—Ex.

A Zulu View of It.

He came here to practice his art of killing on us. He had no interest in our quarrel with the English, and cared little for the right or wrong involved in it. He held us as wild beasts, good for live targets to practice on. It was necessary for him to learn well the art of killing, for he was to be ruler of men, and in civilized countries it is held that a great ruler of men must be very skillful in the art of killing men. To make himself ruler he would not have hesitated to disturb a peaceful country and cause the burning of towns and villages and the killing of his own race. We have prevented this, for we have killed the young man who came on his own accord to kill us. Perhaps there will be some in the civilized world to say that bad as it turns out for the young man, we have done the civilized world a real favor.—Ex.

This morning Charles De Young through his counsel, Judge Alexander Campbell, Jr., and A. A. Cohen, applied to the Supreme Court to be admitted to bail. The hearing of the petition was made returnable for this afternoon at two o'clock. At that hour the petitioner appeared in the custody of the Chief of Police and accompanied by his counsel, before Chief Justice Wallace in open Court. After the formal evidence of the commitment of the defendant, etc., was offered, testimony was then given of the condition of Dr. Kallach. Chief Justice Wallace granted the application and set the bail at \$25,000. The bond was immediately drawn, with David Farquharson and Dr. Gustave Holland as sureties. They were both examined as to their property, and their replies having been found satisfactory the bond was approved, and Chief Justice Wallace signed an order of discharge, which was forthwith served on the Chief of Police, and the defendant liberated.—[Examiner, 2d inst.

READ THIS!

The undersigned would call the attention of persons desiring to secure Cheap Homes to the two places described below. Application must be made

WITHIN TWENTY DAYS.

As other arrangement will be then made. A place adjoining the Town of

DUNNIGANS I

Containing TWO QUARTER SECTIONS of Land, well improved, a FINE HOUSE, Lathed and Plastered, well finished throughout; cost last year \$2,000. A comfortable BARN and good ORCHARD. A good Well of fine Water with Horse-power for raising water in large quantities.

—ALSO—

A Place Two Miles South of said Town of Dunnigan, WITH TWO SMALL HOUSES, a Good Barn (cost \$1,000) and Outbuildings. This is the Finest Grain Land in the State, as evidenced by adjoining lands this year. These places can be bought

VERY CHEAP and on EASY TERMS

If called for within the twenty days as mentioned above.

—ALSO—

The fine, well-known Ranch of C. BUOB, is offered for sale at a bargain.

Apply to

GEO. D. FISKE,

P. O. Block, Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos, \$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets, 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire stock of Gallery, Negative, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it.

KING, Photo.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF YOLO, State of California.

PETER LAUENER, Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, Peter Lauener, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court, at the Court Room of said County, in the Court House at Woodland in the said County of Yolo, on the 20th day of September, A. D., 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO COUNTY, in the matter of the petition of FRED. PRESTON, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said Insolvent, FRED. PRESTON, to be and appear before the Honorable E. R. Bush, aforesaid, in open Court at the Court room of said County in the town of Woodland, County of Yolo, on the 6th day of September, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 28th day of July, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

Summons No. 98.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SIXTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, State of California, County of Yolo.

RECLAMATION DISTRICT NO. 108, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. CLARKE, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to W. J. CLARKE: You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint of Reclamation District No. 108, in said Court filed against you within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial District, within twenty days; if served on you without said district, then in forty days from such service, exclusive of the day of service, in an action commenced on the 21st day of May, 1879, in said Court.

Said action is brought to recover the sum of \$1092.84-100 in gold and silver coin of the United States, with interest thereon from the 5th day of March, 1871, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum—being the amount of two assessments levied in Reclamation District No. 108, to-wit: On the E. 1/4 and S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of \$266.72-100, and on the W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 13, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of \$826.12-100; and for a decree of this Court adjudging said several amounts, so assessed, liens on said several tracts of land, and for the purpose of enforcing said liens, that said tracts of land be sold, in the manner provided by law, to satisfy said several assessments, with interest as aforesaid, and costs of suit—all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint on file herein. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, D. M. Burns, Clerk of the Sixth Judicial District Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court at office in Woodland, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1879.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

C. H. GAROUTTE, Dist. Attorney of Yolo county, Attorney for Plaintiff.

A. C. ADAMS and W. B. THREADEWELL, of Counsel.

aug23-54

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' Sundries.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,..... Woodland

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

Office in EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,..... Woodland.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

Weyrich Headers,

Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,

Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a Well Selected Stock of HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.

Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FA

vorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Mar-

ket Affords.

L. P. EVERETT,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY.

Office in Court House, Woodland.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expense being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT.

TERMS:

One Year—In advance.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Craig will be the happiest man in town if St. Louis is elected.

We apologize for the small amount of local news in the STANDARD to-day. Too much election.

Does the law against betting on elections apply only to bets made previous to the closing of the polls?

Good crops of grain and alfalfa are expected next year—all the "foxtails" having been killed last Wednesday.

Charini's Royal Italian Circus will give two performances in Woodland on Saturday next, September 13th.

A quarter race will come off over the Woodland track to-day between "Chipmunk," "Bald Hornet" and "White Nose."

TAKE NOTICE.—Pard Fenner wishes it distinctly understood that he will "go on the bond of nary son-of-a-gun elected this year."

A game of base ball will take place at the race track to-morrow between the Eclipse Club of Woodland, and the Confidence of Sacramento.

Miss Millie Christine, the two-headed woman was on exhibition at Washington Hall on Thursday and Friday of this week, and attracted large audiences.

Taking the N. C. P. statement that "they are the people" as a basis, it is not likely that the next census will show a very large increase in population next year.

There is talk of a new water-works being established in Woodland. A paper is being circulated for signatures of persons who will agree to patronize the new company, a reduction of one-third on the present prices being guaranteed.

The Democrat calls it a glorious victory, and puts a rooster at the head of its columns. There is nothing in the word that will produce as much happiness as the faculty of being able to look on the bright side of all things.

On Monday the State Fair will open at Sacramento, and there is every prospect of a large and successful meeting. The entries to the races are unusually large, while the entries in all the other departments are larger than ever.

Judge W. A. Henry, of Sacramento, formerly of Woodland, is elected Police Judge in Sacramento, and is about the only Democrat in that county that came out ahead. The Judge is too popular to be defeated in any locality where he is known.

If you really want a safe and economical kerosene oil that will not explode, one gallon of which will last from three to four days longer than ordinary oil, giving a very brilliant light and which can be bought for a less price than inferior oils are now sold for, call on Whittemore & Higginson who have just received a fresh lot of this oil for sale at wholesale and retail.

The members of the Handel & Haydn Society, and all others who wish to take part in the County Musical Festival that is to be given in Woodland at the time of the meeting of the Teachers' Institute in October, are requested to meet at Washington Hall on Monday evening next for rehearsal and other business. A large attendance is desired, as it is proposed to make the Festival the grandest musical entertainment ever given in Woodland.

New Constitution men who expect to carry the full vote cast in favor of the instrument, will find they have reckoned without their host, and the sickest looking portion of them will be the Democrats who will then see that they have placed a full set of Republican officials in position through their own stupidity. [Winters Advocate, May 31st.]

Having published the above some months ago, we claim the right of saying "We told you so."

This is for You
Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS, "Domestic" Fashion Parlor, San Francisco.

For Salt River.
The ship "Foxtail" will leave for Salt River as soon as the vote is officially announced by the Board of Supervisors of Yolo county. The crew has been selected with great care and they are perfectly competent to run the vessel. The following is the full list of officers and crew. Captain, Carey Barney; First Mate, R. W. Megowan; Second Mate, R. Clark; Purser, J. M. Rhodes; Surgeon, Dr. Fifield; Deck hands, Jas. Johnson, John Cronin, John Martin, Augustus Brown; Cook, Harry Murphy; Dishwasher, J. M. Kelley. In the hold Chas. Day will be stored for ballast, and the position of Chaplain has been offered to J. H. Eaton. Enough provisions will be put on board to last the officers and crew the remainder of their natural lives.

The steamer "Foxtail" will have in tow the barge "Democracy," which only has half a crew, and will be taken but part way up the river.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

A mammoth stock of School Books always on hand at Elston's.

Country Schools furnished with supplies at lowest prices at Elston's Drug Store.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store.

The Result.

The returns from both county and State are not half in yet, but enough has been learned to know that the State has gone overwhelmingly Republican, and Perkins and the entire State ticket are elected by about 20,000 plurality, with the exception of the Supreme Court which will likely be divided. Morrison, Chief Justice, and McKee, Ross, Sharpsteen, Thornton and McKinsty, who were on both Democratic and Workingmen's tickets, are probably elected. There is a probability that the Republicans have elected all four of the Congressmen, although the contests between Berry and McKenna in the Third district, and Davis and Barbour in the First, are close. The Railroad Commission will consist of Cone, Beerstecher and Stoneman, and the Board of Equalization will be Republican. In San Francisco, the Workingmen carry nearly the entire ticket, Kallach having about 1,000 majority over Flint. In the State as far as heard from the vote stands as follows on Governor:

Perkins.....41,465
White.....27,308
Glenn.....24,842

White is second in the race, and Glenn has received a large majority of his votes from the Democrats, the N. C. P. not cutting any figure in the race. In Yolo County the fight was between the Republicans and Democrats the Republicans getting 5, the Democrats 6, and the New Constitution party 1, of the officers. The returns are very incomplete from all parts of the county, and it is impossible to give the vote in this issue. Enough has been learned to tell who has been elected and we give them with their majorities as near as can be ascertained, though none of them are exact:

Harlan, D., Joint Senator, 600. Henshey, D., Assembly, 10. Bush, D., Superior Judge, 110. Rham, R., Sheriff, 70. Smith, R., Clerk, 150. Holcome, R., Recorder, 150. Kean, D., Treasurer, 350. Garoutte, R., District Attorney, 300. Schlieman, R., Assessor, 275. Everett, D., Surveyor, 200. Krellenberg, D., Coroner, 250. St. Louis, N. C., Administrator, 25.

S. N. Mering and J. C. Smith are both re-elected.

We notice on exhibition at Proctors drug store, three paintings of scenes in Central America, by Mrs. J. S. McCleary, of Sacramento. Not being an art critic, we pass no opinion on them but advise all to take a look at them and judge of their merits. They are for sale.

The Election.

Election day in Woodland was a quiet one, but a great interest was taken in it, and great deal of hard work was done, and a large vote polled. Scratching was indulged in from the opening to the close of the polls, and few straight tickets were found in the box. At noon 360 ballots had been voted, and a lull followed for an hour, but voters became more numerous in the afternoon and at the closing of the polls 807 tickets, the largest vote ever polled in Woodland, had been deposited. No fights occurred, and good feeling prevailed. The Republicans in the new party mostly voted the Republican ticket, leaving the Democratic party divided, and this is the case all over the State. Lots of Democrats scratched Glenn from the head of their ticket and either substituted Perkins or White or left it blank. In Woodland one vote was cast for Leland Stanford for Governor, one for John Wolfskill. Of the 807 votes cast 800 were against Chinese immigration, 6 for, and 1 blank. The count was finished about 9 o'clock on Friday morning. In the county the Democrats did nobly, and although divided by this new movement, succeeded in electing Joint Senator, Superior Judge, Member of Assembly, Treasurer, Supt. of Schools, Surveyor, and Coroner. After the polls were closed pools were sold on the candidates and a large amount of money was invested.

DIED.

In California, Wednesday evening, Sept. 3d, 1879, N. C. Party, only child of Chas. and Mike De Young, aged 3 months.

Although but three months of age at the time of its death, this child had attracted attention from the scientific world as an example of how long life can be sustained without brains. It was but a puny child at the start, and grew weaker every day until its death when it was but a mere shadow. A post mortem held on the body revealed the fact that besides having no brains, the child was minus a backbone, and also that it had been fed on swill-milk from its birth by its nurse girl, Miss Chronicle. It was suggested that the funeral be conducted with military honors, and that Chas. De Young fire a shot over the grave as the coffin was lowered, but that gentleman having lost his revolver, and being too depressed in spirits to hunt for another, this was dispensed with. Resolution of condolence were received from all parts of the State by the parents of deceased, and in Yolo county it was proposed that all the relatives wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

The Hollister Telegraph, one of the best of our Democratic exchanges, has entered upon its fourth volume. We wish it long life and much prosperity.

A Lakeport date of August 31st says Wm. Thompson killed Edw. Bynum last night in a quarrel. Thompson ordered Bynum made out of his saloon, or he would kill him, at the same time presenting a pistol. Bynum made a movement to draw, when Thompson fired, striking Bynum over the eye, the ball lodging in his brain. Bynum lived forty minutes unconscious; both 21 years of age,

A Scrap of History.

ED. STANDARD.—I received a copy of your paper containing some history of the Churches of Yolo county. Perhaps you will allow me to furnish you a scrap to fill a gap in said history during part of the years 1852-3.

In July 1852 a young man by the name of Henry B. Sheldon, from Ohio, was appointed by Rev. Isaac Owen, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church, to the Cache Creek circuit. He was directed to organize said circuit, as up to that time there had been no regular organization maintained, if indeed any had been made by any church in the county. The circuit then embraced all that part of the Sacramento Valley lying west of the river between Putah Creek and Colusa inclusive. This territory he organized into a two weeks circuit, and supplied by riding from 20 to 40 miles, and preaching from three to five times each Sabbath, and some week evenings. His regular appointments were as follows, viz: at Hunt's, near Cacheville; Squire Morris, near where Woodland now stands; Gordon's neighborhood; Lone Tree, a few miles south of Gordon's; Knight's Landing, or Reed's Schoolhouse; Fremont, Washington and Colusa, with occasional visits to Davis', on Putah Creek, and to other places where he could gather the people for worship.

Having a loud clear voice, he used it as a church bell in singing to call his congregation together. At Washington he occupied a room known as Taylor's Hall now standing near the railroad in said town. At Fremont he preached in Mr. Brown's Hotel. At Hunt's under a large oak tree south of the creek; at Colusa (to which place he traveled mostly by steamboat) he preached at first in an old gambling house on the bank of the river and afterwards in Vincent's Hotel. During the Fall of '52 he held a "basket Meeting" on the south bank of the creek opposite Gordon's. He prepared the ground by first clearing off the brush and then hauling in dry cottonwood logs for seats, with saddle horse and riatta kindly furnished by Matt Harbin.

Being a bachelor he "boarded round." Making his home mostly either at Brown's, in Fairmount, Harbin's, at Cache Creek or at Dr. Taylor's in Washington.

There was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister (probably Mr. Ish) who lived between Cacheville and Knights Landing. Mr. Sheldon interested himself in obtaining a post-office for the Creek, circulating the petition and sent on the papers procuring the appointment of the late Judge Hutton, of Cacheville, as Postmaster.

In December, '52 commenced the six weeks' rain that brought the memorable flood of '52-3, when it rained (more or less) for 42 days and nights, and the sun was hardly seen for the whole time. During that flood some of the settlers on the Creek had nothing to eat but beef and butter—not being able to get to Sacramento for supplies.

In February, 1853, the first annual conference of the M. E. Church for California met in San Francisco, and Mr. Sheldon was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Benham who was drowned in the Creek in March following, as already mentioned in your paper by Mr. Griffith.

Your correspondent is in error when he states that "the first denomination to organize in the county of which there is any record was the 'Church of Christ' in the Fall of 1854." It doubtless was as to any record that he had seen, but Mr. Sheldon organized three churches in connection with the M. E. Church in 1852, viz: one at Washington, one on upper Cache Creek; and one at Fremont.

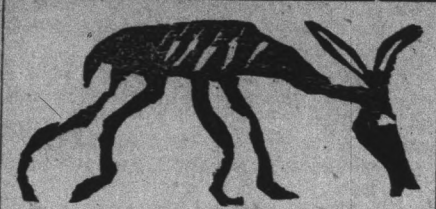
Rev. J. B. Hartsough, a local preacher of the M. E. Church, bought a place about four miles from Hutton's in March, 53, and has been conversant with the history of the county since that date. He will be remembered as the one that so effectually silenced the "Wandering Preacher," with the black, curly wig, on the question of secret societies. Mr. Hartsough's residence is near Orland, Colusa County.

Respectfully submitted, "1852"

The New York Republican State Convention met on Wednesday, 3d inst., and nominated A. B. Cornell for Governor.

A clock and a business concern have to be wound up when they run down.

Anxiety is poison of life; the parent of many sins, and of more miseries.



THE N. C. P. ON THE ROAD TO SALT RIVER.

A letter to the New York Herald, dated on board the Arctic exploring vessel Jeannette, at the Aleutian Islands, from Lieutenant De Long, speaks favorably of the staunchness of the ship, but remarks that she is too deeply loaded. She struggles in a heavy sea, and has her decks washed frequently by the billows. When she arrives in the far north at some eligible point, she can be relieved of a portion of her cargo. Among the icebergs she must be buoyant, and not libable to be sunk for the want of springiness to recover from the bumps and grindings she is sure to receive. The Herald will be kept posted, as the opportunity presents, of the movements of the Jeannette and exploring party. If they ever get to the North Pole, we shall be sure to hear of it through that medium.

It is good to dwell in amity though it is amity hard thing to do with some people.

English sparrows make a good potpie. So does an American house-wife.

Great Bargains!

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Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

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Have just received a large stock of

PAINTS,
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They will sell you FINE ARTICLES, as low as you can buy them in San Francisco or Sacramento. They guarantee all articles as represented. They buy largely from the best manufacturers and sell low for cash. Do not be deceived by interested parties who may try to influence you to trade away from home, but patronize your own county when you can do as well or better. This you can find to be the truth upon examination of our goods and prices.

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In adjoining towns will do well to give us a call, as we keep a full line of their goods in stock.

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Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

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THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.
DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

An August Day.
BY ALICE M. EDDY.

Over the fields by winding ways
We wandered on together,
Under the flashing azure skies,
In a hush of August weather.
Bound about us, afar and near,
We heard the loons humming,
And the asters starting the lonely path
Laughed out to see us coming.
Bird songs out of the sunlit air
Fell rippling through the shadow,
Like a spear of flame the cardinal flower
Burned out along the meadow.
Into our hearts the blithe wind blew,
Its own free gladness giving,
And all things laughing in the happy earth,
For the pure, sweet joy of living.
Two roamed on with their eyes alight,
And their hearts too still for laughter,
Two in a level of golden life,
Looked neither before nor after.
One went dreaming with downcast face
Through the hush of the woodland cover,
But one praised God from a trembling heart,
That the shadow of pain was over.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Left Out in the Cold.

It was a winter evening and the snow fell dreamily outside, down, down, over the earth like a white mantle of charity. One of those soft, midwinter nights, when to stand at the window and look out is a luxury—all seems so white and peaceful—when to put out the hand and feel the cold snowflakes touch it and melt thrills one with a refreshing sense of life and vigor, but to be obliged to go out, alone and on foot, is not so delightful a prospect.

And inside, on this night, were warmth and light, the odor of flowers, and the elegant appointments which befit a home of taste—inside this pleasant home mansion on W—avenue, Chicago.

A young girl stood at the window of her boudoir, and throwing back the shutters leaned out a little way into the night and down-falling snow.

She raised her face, beautiful as a day lily, and the snowflakes kissed it lovingly—the face, the brown-braided hair, and the richly embroidered sack.

It was a beautiful picture she made from the outside darkness, standing there in a half-open window, light and beauty gleaming behind her, and snowdrops like a feathery veil falling between her and the chilly night.

So thought the little, dark-robed girl opposite, tripping along through the snow, on the side street, and looking up at the picture, framed in the dusk and shadow of the evening.

The little girl's name was Bernice Floyd, and her grandmother, among the old New England hills, had been wont to call her Bernice, and she was certainly brown enough, with her dark, curling hair, great brown eyes, and rounded, brown face, with a flush of red at the lips and cheeks, like autumn stains on forest leaves.

They had lived in Boston in those former days, and had been wealthy, and Bernice's mamma had dressed her always in soft, intimate, warm colors that brought forth the beauty and brightness of the dark face; then came other days, when misfortune stopped at the door, and they had come west to the great city, and prospered well; but the darkest days of all came with the fire of '71, which swept nearly all they had away, and Mr. Floyd had contracted a cold from which he never fully recovered.

He had never been able to do much, but had obtained a small clerkship, and they had lived in a very unpretentious way—almost shabby—compared to the old life.

Mr. Floyd had one friend—James Russell—who lived in Boston, and who had come to them once since their trouble, when Bernice was fourteen years old, and had been pleased with her dark beauty and bright, youthful vivacity.

He had wished to help his friends, but Floyd was proud and would not allow it, and indeed they seemed to be getting on better then; but at last he had prevailed upon him to accept as a gift to his little daughter, the price of her musical instruction for one more year, and a beautiful piano.

Then he had gone abroad, and they had scarcely heard from him since, not even when Mrs. Floyd wrote to him of the death of her husband. And so, in those long, dull days, Bernice had her music to console her.

It was her especial delight, and she studied it with application and ardor. So when her father died and left them with but little, to battle against a world of poverty, hunger and cold, she had taken the burden upon her little, strong shoulders and taught music to a small class of pupils, while her mother did breeding and embroidery for Madame L.'s establishment.

They had got on quite comfortably in their small way, and lived "in rooms," but they were bright and homelike, with the piano, a few flowers, and a bird in the south window, which was white—draped by deft fingers.

Bernice often ran errands for Madame L., for even her lessons and practice did not occupy all her time, and she liked to do it, for it was change for her, with a glimpse of the old life, which seemed to her now like a dream of the dead past, never to be hers any more, and she accepted her fate humbly, and spent no time of her busy life in useless regret or bitter envyings of those girls whose days were gladder, or whose future seemed more rosy than hers. She was naturally active, and her sort of life suited the energetic pulsings of the brave little heart.

Madame L. was an impulsive French woman, superficial like her race, brilliant and a trifle grasping; but there was color, brightness and a certain majestic presence to the little Bernice that reminded her of her early youth, and it refreshed her and made her glad to have the young lady about her. Then she was an attractive feature to

the establishment, was swift and trusty, never made any mistakes in delivering the dainty parcels of needlework, and always remembered what alterations were needed, if any, for all of which Madame paid her well.

It makes any girl happy to know she is pretty and admired, and Bernice never went into the street without meeting admiring glances from almost every one she saw.

Old ladies and gentlemen smiled to see such a bit of sunshine pass them; *passe* beauties envied her, young men wondered who she was, and even grave business men, perplexed with the cares of the day, turned to look again at the sunny face, with its tiny rings of brown hair, clear, laughing eyes and red cheeks. And to crown all this, Bernice had a lover.

How could it have been otherwise? And this is how it came about:

In her music class was one Mollie Eaton, who grew passionately fond of Bernice, and always had her own way in the house; so when she invited the music teacher to dinner, as she often did, no one objected, and it became quite the usual thing for her to stay an hour or so after lessons, as this was the last place on her round of instruction.

And when Mollie's brother Charlie came home, it had been as natural as could be for Bernice to play waltzes and polkas for the two to dance after. Then, in short days of winter, it came dark almost before they knew it, and Charlie would walk with her to the street car, and once, one gala night, when the car was crowded, he had walked home with her, to those bright little rooms, where the monthly rose and the mimosa blossomed in the window, and he held her hand just for an instant at the door.

Of course it was not at all the thing for him to do, considering the difference in their social standing, but somehow he couldn't exactly help it.

This had been the year before, but during the summer months she had not seen him at all, and later they had again met, and in some way life looked rosier, perhaps because Mollie had once said:

"Charlie thinks the world of you, Miss Floyd. He's forever holding you up as a model of behavior; says you have a certain style about you that would take you anywhere."

Perhaps it was because last night they had such a lively evening all together, singing and dancing, with a merry little dinner all to themselves.

Perhaps it was because of the compliments he had paid her; telling her she had cheeks like roses, and eyes like stars; and had snatched the little jeweled hand off the piano, in a moment when Mollie's back was turned, and kissed it, laughing at her blushes and petulant rebuke.

But I rather think it was because he had taken her home, with his shining baid, and driven up toward the shirny building, to give her a longer sleigh ride, and bent his handsome head down toward the bright, uplifted face and said—

"Bernice, I love you."

You know girls are just foolish enough to allow such things to add something to their lives.

Then Bernice had not answered that she loved him too, but had smiled back to him in her glad childish way, for she was so small and swift and fairy of motion, that she seemed only a child, although she was eighteen years old, which seemed very ancient to the little girl who had so long borne the burden of life.

And this night of which we write she was carrying home from Madame L.'s to the house on W. avenue a beautiful dress for her fair young mistress, Alice Herrick, who had stood at the window and watched the snowflakes falling, and whom Bernice had looked up to and admired as a beautiful picture.

Alice had stood but a moment and then turned back into the soft-lighted, luxurious room, to wait for the dress she was to wear that night, and which had been sent back for a slight alteration, making it a trifle late.

Bernice had been there before, but Miss Alice had not happened to see her.

It was getting late, the hairdresser had been there, and she was all ready to don the dress when it should come, and was getting impatient when little Bernice was admitted.

Miss Herrick gave a swift, startled glance at the brown face, bright with out-door air and the constant kissing of the snowflakes. Whom am I to thank for bringing my robe? she asked after a moment's silence, in which she had not looked at the dress, but straight into the face of the girl before her.

It was as Charlie Eaton had said, Bernice had a certain style about her which would take her anywhere, and Miss Herrick, who was used to think of Madame's girls as at least very ordinary, could only speak to her as one lady speaks to another, but her agitation spoke to another, but her agitation did not originate entirely in surprise at the beauty of Bernice Floyd.

It was this—she had seen her face before. Yes, scarcely a moment since she had this girl's picture in her hand and had been studying it for a day or two. "My name is Bernice Floyd. I do errands sometimes for Madame L. when I have leisure. Will you look at the dress, please? I fear it is getting late."

"Oh! pardon me, yes; only your face looks familiar—like that of some one I once knew. I am sure the dress will suit now," as she glanced hastily over the heavy silk; "but won't you sit down? You must be tired."

Bernice smiled in her careless way, and said she was not tired, and bidding the lady good evening, turned to go.

But Miss Herrick called to her, and laying her white hands on the little girl's shoulder, looked down at her searchingly, and said—

"Do your friends sometimes call you 'Bernice'?"

In surprise Bernice answered yes. Then the other added, hurriedly, "I have not time to talk with you now, but can you not come to me soon? I want to speak with you."

Stupefied by wonder, Bernice went away trying to conjecture what this lovely girl could want of her.

"How strangely she acted," she soliloquized. "Perhaps I remind her of some one who was dear to her and is now dead?" but how did she know they called her Bernice!

Then, in thoughts of her lover, she forgot the fair Miss Herrick and her words.

Alice Herrick was engaged to a man she deemed worthy a lifetime of affection.

She had known him a long time, and a few evenings before this, he had been showing her some photographs, and accidentally left his pocket-case at the house, and in the morning she found it in the parlor, and not dreaming there were any he would care to conceal from her, she had looked at them again, and among them discovered one he had not shown her, the face of this little beauty from Madame L.'s, and on the back, in her future husband's writing, were the words, "My Own Little Bernice."

Her betrothed was Charles Eaton.

He was a good enough fellow in the main, but preeminently weak.

He had been pleased with Alice Herrick. She belonged to his set, sang, played and danced well, besides being an only child of a father worth something more than two hundred thousand.

Compared with Bernice Floyd, she was like pale dawn to noonday, in splendor, and the more he saw of this flash of sunshine, the less he admired his affianced.

He had not really meant to make love to the music teacher in the stereotyped way, but her wit, beauty and lively good humor won him quite away from himself, and after that night, when he told her he loved her, he had serious intentions of asking a release from the other entanglement, and marrying her.

Yes, for fully two days he carried about him this decision, to give up Miss Herrick's money and position, and "marry Bernice for love," for that was the name by which he designated the sentiment with which he honored Miss Floyd.

After that he became more rational, laughed at his folly, cursed his fate, and comforted himself remembering he had not really committed himself to Bernice.

On Wednesday Miss Herrick and Bernice were together a long time. They parted firm friends and have remained so ever since.

What passed between them, only themselves ever knew.

Charlie Eaton received from Alice a note releasing him from the engagement, and the diamond she had worn to remind her of his true and lasting love.

She would not even see him when he called for an explanation. She was a woman of principle and her idol was fallen.

When Eaton again saw Bernice, she was the same as of old, only her blushes did not come quite so quickly at his bidding, but she laughed and chatted with him, as just as witty, bright and beautiful as before; but when he took her one starlit night, for another sleigh-ride, out to the Boulevard, and bent again the handsome head to the stony-eyed face beside him, and said in his lowest, sweetest tones, "Bernice, I love you. Will you be my wife?" she answered him "No."

And the "sweet bells jingled" un-musically in the ears of a man who had been twice rejected in one week, and once by a music teacher, too.

If he has any conceit left, I'm sure it isn't the fault of circumstance.

One night, soon after, he saw both these girls at the opera, and together, accompanied by a distinguished-looking gentleman. For the first time, he wondered if he hadn't been "awfully given away," as he expressed it.

The gentleman was James Russell, who had come from abroad, and being a couple of weeks in Chicago, had beheld him of the little girl, for whose musical instruction he had provided four years ago, and sought her out.

He was more pleased than ever with her fresh, bright beauty and freedom from affectation and the usual "isms" of young ladies, and she was always grateful to him for his kindness to her father's daughter, and in all those years she rarely touched the piano, that she had not breathed blessings on the girl.

Before he went home he asked for the hand of little Bernice, but she was strangely intuitive (I suppose the life of self-reliance had made her so), and she seemed to feel that for some reason he was not just what she required in a husband, and he had gone back alone.

What strange fate led him, a year later, to marry Alice Herrick!

But he did on New Year's night, and she sometimes says to her best friend, Miss Floyd, "You stole a husband from me, and gave me a husband a thousand times more worthy," for she knows of Russell's former penchant for Bernice.

Madame L. took Bernice to Paris last summer, and it is said she is going to marry a prominent and wealthy physician of Baltimore soon, but she is in no hurry.

She has so long tasted independence that the diet is sweet to her.

Meanwhile Charlie Eaton finds himself left out in the cold.

It is estimated that 2,500,000 have taken up houses in the West and South in the past five years. Of this number not over 600,000 can possibly have been supplied by foreign immigration, the rest of the total of 1,900,000 immigrants in those years staying East or in towns or cities of the Pacific. At least 1,800,000 people have, therefore, gone from the East or from Virginia and Kentucky in the last five years, over 500,000 of them during 1878 and 1879.

FOR GIRLDED TREES.—I had an orchard two years old when every tree was girdled by the rats, more or less, quite a number all around; for the space of a foot or more the bark was taken off clean. To save them, I dabbed fresh cowdung on the trees, where the bark was missing, wrapped it on with rags, and tied with strings. Every tree thus saved, and afterward bore good fruit.

The Human Eye as a Study.

Human eyes, and particularly the eyes of fine women and great men, are always interesting things, and so we quote here what Professor Seeley, in his "Life and Times of Stein," takes from one of Arndt's works respecting the eyes of two great men. "Be it here said, once for all," observed Arndt, "in answer to those who always come out with the finest white skin and the bluest silver clear eyes, as the genuine mark of nobleness and genuine in man, that the two greatest Germans of the nineteenth century, Goethe and Stein, observed the world from brown eyes; though there was this difference that the Goethean eye, broad and open, looked down for the most part with such radiance upon all around, and upon people, while Stein's eye, smaller and keener, rather gleamed than shone, and at times rather fiercely flashed. Usually it expressed friendliness and honesty, but when he was in a serious or positively angry mood it was capable of flashing in a formidable manner." The most mischievous eyes in women are brown, according to experts. They are all powerful, are the eyes of women, whatever their color—blue or black or brown or hazel or chestnut or gray or green. Beaky Sharp had green eyes, and they did him immense execution. "Velvety violet eyes are singularly beautiful, but 'tis said they do not wear well, and wash badly. Eyes should' wash well, considering how much they have to do with tears. Yellow eyes are not more common than yellow diamonds. They are more numerous among men than among women, and novelists give them to peculiar descriptions of their villains—the leazy, dreamy sort of villain, who, however, can fire up on occasion, and become the veriest devils of destruction. They are often given to the snake, but we have seen eyes in snakes that were anything but yellow, and snakes' eyes in human heads that were of the deepest black. White eyes are dead eyes, so far as expression goes, and remind the observer of fish—at the market; but in a moment of passion they become quite as expressive eyes as do the human. Commonly they convey the impression of blindness, as well as moral feebleness.

Touching the color of the eyes, it should be borne in mind that the same word has different meanings at different periods. One of the heaviest and therefore the most accurate of the Shakespearean commentators—for it is a rule with the many that no brilliant man can be accurate, and no accurate man brilliant—assures us that "what we now call blue eyes were in Shakespeare's time called gray, and were considered as eminently beautiful." Heavenly blue we assume to be meant, the real azure or true blue, upon which the celestials are supposed to have the strongest claim, as that has upon them in one of his novels, while describing two young women, observes: "Of peculiar charm was common to both; and it is a charm, though the strongest instance I ever saw of it in my life was in Italy, that may be said to belong almost exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon race; I mean that expression of the countenance that so eminently betokens feminine purity and feminine tenderness united—the look which artists love to impart to the faces of angels. Each of the girls had much of this, and I suppose it was principally owing to their heavenly blue eyes. I doubt if any woman with black or hazel eyes, notwithstanding all the brilliancy of their beauty, ever possessed this charm in the higher degree." The lowest animals often have the most expressive eyes, that are intensely beautiful, being of a beauty that endures, perhaps, because they do not suffer from the moral wear and tear of the passions and the appetites; and yet those animals suffer much from the persecutions and cruelties of men. Fear and fierceness belong to such eyes, in perfection; fear, because the lives of the feeble animals are passed in almost constant terror, and fierceness, because the bolder animals are ever on guard against attack or searching for food. What can be more pathetic than the appealing look of a spaniel that has been ill-used, or that is looking for its lost lord? What fiercer than a fighting animal at bay?—Boston Traveler.

The Products of Indigestion.

Inability of the stomach to act upon the food is productive of serious and speedy mischief to the digestive body economy. Poor circulation languishes all over the system, leanness, pallor, and a loss of muscular and organic power supervene; but worse than this, the functions associated with and dependent upon digestion, such as evacuation and the secretion of bile, grow irregular, and the organs whose business it is to discharge those functions become badly disordered. This disastrous state of things is more readily and thoroughly rectified with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters than by any known medicinal agent. The stomach being invigorated, the life-giving principle of the blood is increased, the system properly nourished, leanness and debility overcome, and the bowels and liver thoroughly and promptly regulated.

Equal to an Entire Library.

Talent, enterprise, and money are all requisite, in this day, to the publication of such a paper as the San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE. It is safe to say that there is not a better weekly paper in the country. It is not only a mammoth-sized sheet, abounding with spicy and attractive reading, but embodies news, editorials, and the choicest specimens of current literature. For family reading it is equal to an entire library.

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stephens! Nice roosts for a donkey to get into." Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.—Old City Record.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second, the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—Courier.

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This popular and reliable house will not only fill all country orders for every description of groceries, but will fill orders for any and all descriptions of goods needed by the household or the farm. Give particular description of goods needed and remit by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by P. O. order to 215 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Turner's Regulator,

The new and popular remedy for all diseases arising from an impure or vitiated condition of the blood. An almost infallible remedy for diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, and a certain cure for all of that long list of complaints that spring from an unhealthy condition of these organs.

It is a fact well known to the general public, as well as to the profession, that a very large proportion of the diseases that afflict suffering humanity are the direct result of a torpid or diseased liver. Turner's Regulator acts directly upon the liver, thereby cleansing and purifying the very fountain-head of life, giving to that important organ the necessary vigor and activity to perform its allotted duty and vitalizing the blood, thereby flooding out and throwing off all impurities, and as a natural consequence, removing and preventing disease. To the thousands that are suffering with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache, loss of appetite, a fetid breath or bad taste in the mouth, hot and feverish condition of the skin, or night-sweats, we say most confidently, try Turner's Regulator. This unequalled remedy and tonic, derives its wonderful curative and preventive powers principally from the new drug but lately introduced into the profession, *Cascara Sacrada*, or Sacred Bark, a remedy long known to the native Californians as a certain cure for all malarious complaints, and a most wonderful promoter of longevity.

Don Pedro Sanchez, who is now living at the advanced age of one hundred years, attributes his remarkable health and long life to the use of the *Cascara Sacrada*, and says that he would have died fifty years ago but for its use. Turner's Regulator contains nothing that is not purely vegetable, and although thorough and effective in its operation (if taken in large doses) is perfectly harmless in its effects, and may be taken with perfect safety at all times and under all circumstances. Turner's Regulator should be in every family as a "friend in need" that can be relied upon in every emergency. No home should be without it. Relying upon its safe and certain help, the physician, that expensive and sometimes unreliable necessity in the hour of affliction, may safely be dispensed with. Save money, save time, save health, save life by having Turner's Regulator always on hand, as a family medicine. We know that the country is suffering from the effects of the most worthless description, and that the people have been humbugged until the name of "Patent Medicine" is nauseating in the extreme, but we can assure the public that Turner's Regulator is a remedy that will not fail them in the hour of trial, and if used occasionally during the spring and summer months, will most effectively protect the household from diseases peculiar to those seasons. Ask your druggist for Turner's Regulator, and be sure that you are not put off with some worthless Dwelling House Underwriters. If he has not got it insist that he orders it at once. Nature is the great physician, and nature has planted in every country, or climate, the remedies peculiar to that country—California has produced the *Cascara Sacrada* as the great renovator and tonic for the human system upon this slope, and the chemist has produced from this invaluable production Turner's Regulator, which has never failed to relieve the suffering in all diseases of the liver or blood. All who have tried it endorse it. In its operation upon the system it is simply perfect. No other remedy that has ever been discovered has been able to supply the place of this effective and powerful remedy, an agent, calomel, the use of which is attended with so many dangers. Turner's Regulator, however, has all of the active and thorough qualities of calomel, without any of its dangers, and unlike it may be taken at all times with perfect safety, and does not need the care and direction of a physician to administer it. The kidneys are important organs for removing impurities from the blood, and they are frequently out of order. There is nothing like Turner's Regulator to restore them to a healthy condition and enable them to eliminate the poison from the blood. Avail yourself of this great remedial agent. For sale by all druggists.

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Wit and Humor.

As Charles Lamb says, the best men in the world are like the archangels, only a little damaged.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

When Fontenelle was dying his doctor asked:—"Do you suffer?" "No," replied the philosopher, "I only feel some difficulty in existing."

THANKS FOR NOTHING.—Boy (to gentleman, who has not given him a reward for carrying his portmanteau)—"An' please, sir, what must I say if anyone asks me how much I have to thank you for?"

"I would box your ears," said a young lady of Bellefonte to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—if what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."—Puck.

Another traveler, who would not "draw it mild," was describing the Indians and their mode of life to a lady of an inquiring mind, and who said:—"Now about wigwags, you know; they are so very venomous!"

An Oregon woman fell out of a fourth story window the other day, and the first thing she did after being brought to her senses was to wish she had on her new silk hose instead of those old cotton stockings.—Oregon Record.

"To die and have everybody read your age on the coffin plate!" cried a young lady who had been dangerously ill for some days, "it's too much!" and she incoherently had a good cry. She began to improve from that moment.—Boston Transcript.

HAD HIN THERE.—Priest: "You drunken sot! the very beasts of the field give you a lesson! They leave off when they have quenched their thirst." Paddy: "Yes, yer rince, but where did the basties iver come across a strame of whiskey?"

There are few, even among the good mottoes of our time, which will rival the following, when carefully put into practice. It contains within a few words the positive, the comparative and the superlative duty of man:—"Get on; get honor; keep honest."

A Boston wife softly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to go down to the office and balance the books. On his return, fifteen miles of walking was recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

"Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the 'mortal Cato, who lib mos' a thousand years ago, once said, 'Do law am like a gown; glass window, dat gibs light 'nuff to light us poor folk in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debil himself to see through it.'"

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear," asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband. "I give it up."

"Why," replied the wife, hitching up close to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are inside yourself."

Doctor: "Well, are you better? Have you taken your medicine regularly, and eaten plenty of animal food?"

Patient: "Yes, sir, I tried it, and so long as it were be-ans and o-ats, I could manage pooty well, sir; but when you come to that there chopped hay, that right-down choked me, sir."

Appropos of the release of Blanqui, a good not is going the round of Paris. Five minutes after he had been released a reporter called at the prison to see him. "M. Blanqui has left," courteously replied the jailer, "but if monsieur will take a seat and wait a few minutes, I have no doubt he will be back presently."

A sea-captain trading to the African coast was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on."

When the Frenchman from Bordeaux who went overboard from the steamer which brought the Cobden Club back from Greenwich returned to the deck, having very narrowly escaped drowning, the first thing he courteously said was that he hoped he had not kept the steamer waiting; and the reply to the gentleman of Bordeaux was, "We're glad to see you're come on board, oh!"

Judge to witness: "How do you know the defendant is a gentleman?" "Did you ever visit at his house?" "No, sir." "Did you ever see him at the bedside of the sick and suffering?" "No, sir." "Have you an intimate acquaintance with him?" "No, sir." "Have you any acquaintance with him?" "No, sir; but he wears the longest ulster with the biggest plaids in of any man up our way."—Boston Courier.

Dr. X. was recently hunting for a house. Ascending the stairs to look at an apartment, he engaged in conversation with the concierge:

"I am a physician," said the would-be tenant.

"Ah? Then this apartment will not do for Monsieur."

"Why not?"

"Because the view would recall your occupation too constantly. The windows look out on the cemetery of Montmartre."

SHE HOPED NOT.—William Wilberforce transmitted the family wit to a daughter, who is a worthy niece to the Right Reverend Samuel, of merry memory. Mr. Wilberforce contested a large Yorkshire borough once in his life, and while he mounted the hustings on the day of election, he left his daughter seated in the carriage. The Conservative mob recognized her and surrounded her with shouts of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" The lady let down the carriage window and replied, with a laugh:

"No, my friends; not Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Intelligence Items.

Toledo, Ohio, estimates its receipts of wheat this season, at 25,000,000 bushels.

Cedar Keys, Florida, has 1,200 inhabitants. Only one of them is a Republican.

In 1820 there were but three theatrical companies in the entire West and South, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

The arrangements for lighting the capitol building at Washington with a new electric light, are already completed.

Bugs are an important article of trade in Rio Janeiro, the wings being made into flowers, and the more brilliant ones dried and sold in a natural condition as ornaments to foreigners.

Switzerland has appointed the year 1881 for an international exhibition of watches, jewelry, snuff boxes and musical boxes—a display in which the ancient republic may well call the rest of the world to see what she can do.

In central Africa a large number of Jewish negroes have been discovered. Nearly every family possesses the law of Moses on parchment. They trace their origin to the first captivity, when some of the Hebrews fled to the desert, and intermarried with the natives.

The New York Wine and Liquor Circular shows the importation to that port of French still wines in July to be nearly 111,000 gallons, besides an increase of about 250 cases, against 47,000 gallons in July, 1878. The editor says the trade with California is wonderfully extending. So far this year fully 1,000,000 gallons of wine have come from California, and 100,000 gallons of brandy.

Snow is shoveled out of a large granite building in Boston every morning, and the boys may play at snow-balling in a temperature of 90 degrees, if they are quick about it. This building is a warehouse for the storage of perishable provisions, and the air in it is kept at 40 by refrigeration with ammonia. The snow gathers constantly in the machine-room.

Coney Island is nine miles from New York city, yet on week days ladies can go to the island and return for fifteen cents and children for ten cents on one of the numerous roads leading there. Trains run every fifteen minutes most of the time. This shows that when people want to go to a resort the questions of "inaccessibility" and "expensiveness" soon vanish.

A Wall Built of Statues.

Two striking instances of the wanton destruction of works of art after the fall of the empire have been obtained in the last days. A few yards from the so-called temple of Minerva Medica, in Rome, a wall was discovered built with statues. Seven have already been put together, as I mentioned in my last letter. Not far from the same place we are exploring a foundation wall, eight feet square, built with the same materials. The upper strata contain slabs of marble, stripped from pavements and from walls, steps, lintels, thresholds, etc. The middle strata contain columns, pedestals, capitals, all split in fragments. Finally, at the bottom of the wall, statues begin to appear of exquisite workmanship, together with busts, herms, bas-reliefs, etc. The stratification of these marbles shows that at the time when the foundation wall was being constructed there was in the neighborhood a shrine, a temple, a fountain, or some such monument, in good preservation and profusely ornamented. The masons first took advantage of whatever was movable without difficulty, and accordingly we find the statues at the bottom of the trench. Then they put their hands on what was half movable, and this is the reason why columns, capitals, etc., are found in the middle strata. A further want of materials led them to attack at last the building itself, its steps, thresholds, etc.—The Athenaeum.

Owing to the Weather.

A big newsboy was yesterday doubled over a bench at the City Hall Market, too sick to move and too discouraged to care what became of him. Two or three of the motherly market women fixed him up doses of pepper, and when he was a little better one of them said:

"Boy, you want to let harvest apples alone."

"Harvest apples?" he sneered—"do you think eight or nine harvest apples could double up a big boy like me?"

"I saw you eating cherries," put in a second woman.

"I know you did, but ain't I used to cherries! Humph! Why, I'm fifty times as big as a quart of cherries!"

"And he bought two cucumbers off my stand an hour ago!" squeaked a little black-eyed woman.

"Yes, I did," answered the boy, "but they didn't make only a mouthful. To-day night I ate ten all at once and they didn't hurt me a bit."

"And I saw him eating tomatoes and turnips!" solemnly remarked a tall man with green glasses on.

"Sposin you did!" wailed the boy as the colic got a fresh grip, "wasn't tomatoes and turnips made made to eat?"

"Don't you folks want to give a boy any show to get along? I tell ye it's this here storm what affects me, and if you women had any mercy on me you'd bring me some plums and green corn and bologna and pears and a dish of ice-cream to take this pepper taste out of my mouth!"—Detroit Free Press.

To make hard soap put two gallons of rain-water into the kettle, add three pounds of unslaked lime, and dissolve with a slow fire, stirring occasionally, to keep from burning to the kettle, when dissolved, add two more gallons of water, and six pounds of soda ash; when this is dissolved, add fifteen pounds of grease, boil until the grease has all disappeared, then add two gallons of water, and boil from four to five hours. One-half hour before it is done boiling, dissolve in cold water half pound of borax or one pound of borax or one pound of washing soda, and add to it. Let it be in the kettle until the next morning. Then out it out.

The Jews in Palestine.

The following is a translation of some interesting details under the above heading, extracted from a French paper:

"Judging by reports which appear tolerably well confirmed, the Jews are little by little re-taking possession of their ancient patrimony. Eighty years ago the Sublime Porte permitted residence in the holy city to only three hundred Israelites. Forty years ago this number was raised, but the Jews were obliged to reside in a special part of the city which bore their names. This last restriction, however, disappeared in its turn ten years ago, and since then the Jews have bought up all the land in Jerusalem that could be bought, and have even built entire streets of houses outside the walls. Naturally, the increase of the population has been followed by substantial progress. Synagogues and Jewish hospitals have multiplied. The German Jews have no less than sixteen charity associations, and in the interior of the city one may count already twenty-eight 'congregations religieuses.' Two journals have started. In the Rothschild and other Jewish hospitals, 6,000 patients are ministered to annually. A Venetian Jew has given 60,000 francs to found a school of agriculture in Palestine. Baron Rothschild, at the time of the last loan of 200,000,000 francs made to Turkey, accepted as security a mortgage on the whole of Palestine. Owing to the Jewish immigration, the population of Palestine has doubled during the last ten years. In 1875 there were 13,000 Jews in Jerusalem only. The value of the land at the gates of the city has increased more than tenfold; building and constructive work of all kinds is carried on night and day, and it is to be remarked that the immigrants, who, to a large extent, are from Russia, are animated by religious enthusiasm of a very pronounced type. Given the industrial enterprise and activity of the Jews, one may predict the resurrection, at no distant period, of this once so flourishing province."

A True Wife.

Ofentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moves on steadily, in serious triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically there was a little folksome steam-tug with a tug of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the brave, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wind that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—Oleiver Wendell Holmes.

Messrs. Matthew and John Guy Vassar advertise for proposals to build the "Vassar Brothers Home for Old Men" at Poughkeepsie. The work will be begun some time in July, and the present finished within a year. The present Matthew Vassar, who is treasurer of Vassar College, is a kindly, elderly gentleman of very exact business habits—and so carefully and thoroughly does he instruct the young ladies of the institution in whatever business matter they lay before him, that his position may be said to be really a professorship of business training.

GERMAN PICKLES.—Take sound, ripe cucumbers, peel and remove the seeds, cut lengthwise into strips an inch wide. To three quarts of the parts add three cups of vinegar and four of water; soak twenty-four hours, stirring once or twice. Put one quart of vinegar on the fire, add one pint of sugar, a little stick cinnamon and a teaspoonful of pimento tied in a bit of cloth; scald all together; add the cucumber and boil till soft.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Scald and peel a sufficient quantity of smooth, round tomatoes; put into a deep earthenware dish, sprinkle plentifully with salt and pepper; have a tea-cupful or more—according to the quantity of tomatoes—of fine cracker crumbs, and spread over the top. Bake in a quick oven from thirty to forty-five minutes. Drop a few lumps of butter onto the tomatoes and serve.

Colorado has the most delightful climate in the world, and bed-bugs. A mother in Israel residing there requires her granddaughter, a young high-school miss, to read to her daily some portion of the good book. While so engaged recently the young lady suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare, here is a grammatical error."

The old lady replied: "No matter, darling. Kill it, and go on."

Herr Carl Boch, who has now finished his natural history exploration of the western highlands of Sumatra, is about to explore, on behalf of the Dutch Government, the northeastern part of Borneo—the district of Koetal. There is a powerful and friendly Sultan at Koetal, who has been requested by the Dutch Government to give all possible assistance to Herr Boch.

SPICED GRAPES.—Five pounds grapes, three pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Boil slowly until done.

Mexican filigree jewelry is revived again. It is an old art and the ornaments are delicate, but tough and durable.

A fortune-teller, known as "Metta," died recently in Vienna, leaving \$40,000 and the business to her daughter.

A prowed thing—A ship.

Cream of the Mails.

"Two souls with but a single thought," she said, as she turned her hopeful across her knees and reached for it.—Middle-town Transcript.

Now is the season of the year when the small boy teth a string around his waist and considereth himself properly arrayed to take a bath in public.

"Thermometer's up to ninety, Mr. Putnam," said a visitor to a State street broker. "Let 'em go up to par," said the man of margins, abstractedly. "I am not short on 'em."

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into?" "Make yourself at home!" she responded.—Hudson Register.

A gorgeous English swell, leading a dog, inquired at a railroad station, "Must I, aw, take a ticket for a puppy?" The bewildered clerk regarded him for a moment, and then replied: "No, sir; you can go as an ordinary person."

An old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

"I'm a ruta-baga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp as he entered a farmhouse near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soured him with a dishpanful of boiling water.

London Fun: Young Vicar (facetiously): "Well, John, how smart you are this morning; who gave you the new clothes?" John (laughing): "Ees, sir, the same as gave you yourn—the parish, sir." (Vicar retires somewhat discomfited.)

"Old Reliable" spoke up: "Why, down to Arizona, when I lived there, it was so hot that they used to have to splice two thermometers together so's to get any idea of the heat, and even then the quicksilver would spurt over the top one sometimes."

Two railroaders saw a fashionably-dressed lady coming up the street. She had on a very long train, which caused the soberest of the two to remark: "I say Bill, she'll never make the hill without a header. The track won't hold'er.—McGregor (La.) News.

General Lee asked a straggler one day, whom he found eating green persimmons, if he did not know they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, General," replied the man, "I'm eating them to draw my stomach up to fit my rations."—Atlantic Georgia.

It was a refreshing variation from the general run of speeches at temperance meetings when a man got up in Pittsburg, the other day, and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, to bring my nose to this state of blooming perfection it has cost me at least \$10,000."

A man who can sit patiently on a rail fence six hours, waiting for a boat race that lasts twenty minutes and can't be seen when it does come off, and who is good-natured enough at the conclusion to cheer the victor, needn't be afraid of future punishment.—Buffalo Express.

The following is given as a Louisville turfdman's remark to the clergyman who told him that he must prepare to die in a few hours: "Well, when I'm dead and you're dead, and I'm an angel and you're an angel, and I've got wings and you've got wings, I'll bet you \$10 I can outfly you."

The clerk of the Criminal Court, having read the indictment of a prisoner for horse-stealing, said to him, "Guilty or not guilty?" "Wal," he responded, "I'm guilty fast enough, but then I want to be tried just the same, specially as see several of our boys on the jury."

An Englishman in Paris, whom the heat prevented from sleeping, has hit upon an excellent expedient for getting his rest. He has hired from M. Gifford the use of his big captive balloon from mid-night until seven in morning. Every night he has a bed made up in the basket, and is sent up a mile above the city. You can hear him snore by the cable.

"Madam, don't you know that your baby will catch its death of cold?" "No, sir," she promptly responded. "Well, it's such carelessness as that which fills our cemeteries with the little graves," he continued. While all the meddlesome old fools continue to live," she replied.

Mr. Sankey, in his hymn, wants to know, "How can I keep from slugging?" We would suggest to Mr. Sankey that Kentucky shot-guns are a good preventive. About two months ago a man came down here and attempted to sing "My Grandfather's Clock," and he has been keeping from singing ever since.

A Marshfield man, who lost his good temper some time ago, was severely hauled over by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys, I know my character's gone—lost entirely. And," he added, rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad—for it was the only one in the place worth saving."

An Englishman was once boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh! that ain't nothing," retorted the Yankee. "In the museum at Boston they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with that went into the ark."

A little boy whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whisky in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

A cute little five-year-old, whose parents were connected with the Presbyterian Church, said: "Mamma, was Christ a Jew?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother. "Well, that's strange now, isn't mamma, when his father, God, was a Presbyterian?"—Gold Hill News.

A gentleman, being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him: "You musn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa, who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quietly asked: "Why, papa, who did you hug?"

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WOODLAND STANDARD.
DWIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., SEPT. 6, 1879

Dryden's First Political Essay.
It is said that Dryden, in his youth, and during his academical career, betrayed little of that dominant genius which began to distinguish him in his prime (where, as Milton says, "youth ends," and that he was looked upon, as well by his tutors as by his college mates, as possessing nothing whatever remarkable, intellectually or poetically. On one occasion however, he took completely by surprise his tutors and all concerned, by a flash of wit and originality which effectually revealed the genius that lay dormant within him. A "Theme," on the subject of "Christ's Turning Water into Wine," had been propounded to Dryden's class; and, as a matter of course, he (the dullard) was expected, among the rest, to "say his say" on the occasion. We can well imagine his trepidation, as the lengthy compositions of his classmates were handed in and read, several, no doubt, drawing forth the hearty commendations of the Judges. We can well imagine, too, his trepidation when his own turn came; and when the insignificant bit of paper, on which his own thoughts were expressed, met the astonished gaze of all present. On that immortal slip of paper was inscribed one solitary line, namely:
"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

And that was Dryden's first poetical essay, and it foretold *immortality*.

An Arab's Hato.
A story is told of a crafty American skipper who escaped the clutches of a hostile cruiser by hoisting the yellow flag, and exhibiting one of his crew over the bulwarks stitched up in a hammock, as if about to be flung into the sea. As his vessel was lying off a port where the yellow fever was then raging, the privateer took the alarm and sheered off. Even this, however, was exceeded by an episode of the Egyptian war of 1830-40, when Admiral Napier's squadron was cruising in the Levant. The look-out man of an English frigate one morning saw an Arab in the water, seemingly in danger of drowning. A boat was lowered and the swimmer picked up, but he died shortly after being brought on board, with all the symptoms of the plague, and was quickly followed by the captain and a fourth of the crew. It was afterward found that this desperate fanatic, finding himself death-stricken, had deliberately swam off to the ship, with the intention of carrying the infection among his enemies.

Forty years ago the tomato was known as the "Jerusalem apple," etc., and was cultivated as an ornamental plant and the fruit regarded as poisonous. Now the fruit is as generally used, and regarded as healthful as any that grows. Its size and appearance has changed almost as much as the opinion of its merits.

A boy in Crawford county, Ind., married when he was seventeen and was a father at eighteen. He lately married a second wife, and now at the age of eighty, is happy with a second child. There is sixty-two years difference between the age of the two children.

A clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!"

A shrewd patent medicine man has been chasing Alexander H. Stephens around for three months, trying to draw a bead on him with a pocket camera. He wants him for a preface to his advertisement to illustrate "before taking."

The latest wrinkle is to write your will upon a shingle. Many of us can gaze away back into the dim vistas of childhood and remember when our parents used a shingle, not to write but to enforce their wills.

When two girls meet, they kiss. When two young men meet, they don't. That shows who wants kissing the worst.

A printer asked a young lady whom he thought spoke too rapidly: "What do you hair-space everything you say for?"

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

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THE FINAL CALL!
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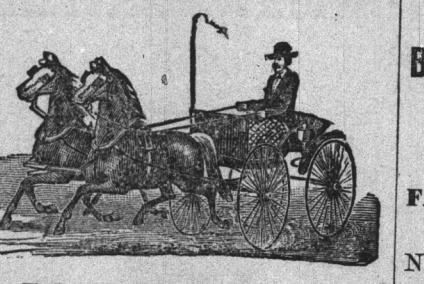
BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire stock of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

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French and English Perfumery,
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GIVE US A CALL.

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